IN HIS STEPS.

"What Would Jesus Do?"

By Charles M. Sheldon.



ad faced her evening's experience with flicting emotions. Had she ever loved Jasper Chase? Yes—no. One moment she felt that her life's happiness was at stake over the result of her action; another, she had a strange feeling of relief that she had spoken as she did. There was one great overmastering feeling in her. The response of the wretched creatures in the tent to her singing, the swift, awesome presence of the Holy Spirit, had affected her as never in all her life before. The moent Jasper had spoken her name and se realized that he was telling her of his love she had felt a sudden revulsion for him, as if he should have respected the supernatural events they had just witnessed. She felt as if it were not the sime to be absorbed in anything less than the divine glory of those converons. The thought that all the time she was singing with the one passion of her soul to touch the conscience of that tent full of sin Jasper Chase had been moved by it simply to love her for himself gave her a shock as of irreverence on her part as well as on his. She could not tell why she felt as she did; only she knew that if he had not told her tonight she would still have felt the same toward him as she always had. What was that feeling? What had

be been to her? Had she made a mistake? She went to her bookcase and ok out the novel which Jasper had given her. Her face deepened in color as she turned to certain passages which she had read often and which she knew sper had written for her. She read hem again. Somehow they failed to ach her strongly. She closed the book and let it lie on the table. She gradualty felt that her thought was busy with the eight she had witnessed in that tent. Those faces, men and women, touched for the first time with the drit's glory. What a wonderful thing ife was, after all! The complete regenexation revealed in the sight of drunk-en, vile, debauched humanity kneeling down to give itself to a life of purity and Christlikeness—oh, it was surely a witness to the superhuman in the world! And the face of Rollin Page by side of that miserable wreck out of the gutter—she could recall as if she now saw it Virginia crying, with her arms about her brother, just before she left the tent, and Mr. Gray kneeling close by, and the girl Virginia har takwhile Virginia whispered something to her. All these pictures, drawn by the Holy Spirit in the human tragedies brought to a climax there in the most abandoned spot in all Raymond, stood out in Rachel's memory now, a memory so recent that her room seemed for the time being to contain all the actors and their movements.

"No, no!" she had said aloud. "He had no right to speak to me after all that! He should have respected the place where our thoughts should have been. I am sure I do not love him. not enough to give him my life."

And after she had thus spoken the evening's experience at the tent came crowding in again, thrusting out all other things. It is perhaps the most striking evidence of the tremendous spiritual factor which had now entered the Rectangle that Rachel felt, even when the great love of a strong man had come very near her, that the spiritual manifestation moved her with an egitation far greater than anything Jasper had felt for her personally or she

The people of Raymond awoke Sunay morning to a growing knowledge events which were beginning to revolutionize many of the regular customary habits of the town. Alexander Powers' action in the matter of the railroad frauds had created a sensation, not only in Raymond, but throughout the country. Edward Norman's daily changes policy in the conduct of his paper had startled the community and caused more comment than any recent political event. Rachel Winslow's singing at the Rectangle meetings had made a stir in society and excited the wonder of all her friends. Virginia Page's conduct, her presence every night with Rachel, her absence from the usual circle of her wealthy, fashionable acquaintances, had furnished a great deal of material for gossip and question. In addition to the events which centered about these persons who were so well known, there had been all through the city, in very many homes and in business and social circles, strange happenings Nearly a hundred persons in Henry Maxwell's church had made the pledge to do everything after asking. "What would Jesus do?" and the result had been, in many cases, unheard of actions. The city was stirred as it had never been. As a climax to the week's events had come the spiritual manifestation at the Rectangle and the announcement, which came to most people before church time. of the actual conversion at the tent of nearly 50 of the worst characters in the neighborhood, together with the conversion of Rollin Page, the well known society and club man

It is no wonder that, under the pressare of all this, the First church of Ray others were present. He asked Milton mond came to the morning service in a Wright to pray. The very air was condition that made it quickly sensifive to any large truth

Perhaps nothing had astonished the ople more than the great change that | without it? had come over the minister since he had proposed to them the imitation of Jests in conduct The dramatic deliv ery of his severons no longer topposed

Rachel Winslow went up to her room | them. 'The self satisfied, contented, easy attitude of the fine figure and the refined face in the pulpit had been displaced by a manner that could not be compared with the old style of his delivery. The sermon had become a message. It was no longer delivered. It was brought to them with a love, an earnestness, a passion, a desire, a humility, that poured their enthusiasm about the trath and made the speaker no more prominent than he had to be as the living voice of God. His prayers were unlike any the people had ever heard before. They were often broken. Even once or twice they had been actually ungrammatical in a phrase or two. When had Henry Maxwell so far forgotten himself in a prayer as to make a mistake of that sort? He knew that he had often taken as much pride in the diction and the delivery of his prayers as of his sermons. Was it possible he now so abhorred the elegant refinement of a formal public petition that he purposely chose to rebuke himself for his previous precise manner of prayer? It is more likely that he had no thought of all that. His great longing to voice the needs and wants of his people made him unmindful of an occasional mistake. It is certain he had never prayed so effectively as he did now.

There are times when a sermon has a value and power due to conditions in the audience rather than to anything new or startling or eloquent in the words or the arguments presented. Such

conditions faced Henry Maxwell this morning as he preached against the saloon, according to his purpose determined on the week before. He had no new statements to make about the evil influence of the saloon in Raymond. What new facts were there? He had no startling illustrations of the power of the saloon in business or politics. What could he say that had not been said by temperance orators a great many times The effect of his message this morning owed its power to the unusual fact of his preaching about the saloon at all, together with the events that had stirred the people. He had never in the course of his ten years' pastorate mentioned the saloon garded in the light of an enemy, not only to the poor and the tempted, but to the business life of the place and the church itself. He spoke now with a freedom that seemed to measure his complete sense of the conviction that Jesus would speak so. At the close he pleaded with the people to remember the new life that had begun at the Rectangle. The regular election of city officers would be an issue in that election. What of the poor creatures surrounded by the hell of drink while just beginning to feel the joy of deliverance from sin? Who could tell what depended on their environment? Was there one word to be said by the Christian disciple, business man, professional man, citizen, in favor of continuing to license these crimes and shame producing institutions? Was not the most Christian thing they could do to act as citizens in the matter, fight the saloon at the polls, elect good men to the city offices and clean the municipality? How much had prayers helped to make Raymond better whife votes and actions had really been on the side of the enemies of Jesus? Would not Jesus do this? What disciple could imagine him refusing to suffer or take up his cross in the matter? How much had the members of the First church ever suffered in an attempt to imitate Jesus? Was Christian discipleship a thing of convenience, of custom, of tradition? Where did the suffering come in? Was it necessary, in order to follow Jesus' steps, to go up Calvary as well as the Mount of Trans-

figuration? His appeal was stronger at this point than he knew. It is not too much to say that the spiritual tension of the First church reached its highest point right there. The imitation of Jesus which had begun with the volunteers in the church was working like leaven in the organization, and Henry Maxwell would, even thus early in his new life, have been amazed if he could have measured the extent of desire on the part of his people to take up the cross. While he was speaking this morning, before he closed with a loving appeal to the discipleship of 2,000 years' knowledge of the Master, many a man and woman in the church was saying, as Rachel had said so passionately to her mother: "I want to do something that will cost me something in the way of sacrifice. I am hungry to suffer something." Truly, Mazzini was right when he said. "No appeal is quite so powerful in the end as the call, 'Come and

The service was over, the great audience had gone, and Henry Maxwell again faced the company gathered in the lecture room as on the two previous Sundays. He had asked all to remain who had made the pledge of discipleship and any others who wished to be included. The after service seemed now to be a necessity. As he went in and faced the people there his heart trembled. There were at least 200 present. The Holy Spirit was never so manifest. He missed Jasper Chase, but all the charged with divine possibilities. What could resist such a baptism of power? How had they lived all these years

They counseled together, and there were many prayers. Henry Maxwell dated from that meeting some of the

of Raymond. When finally they went the joy of the Spirit's power.

Donald Marsh, president of Lincoln college, walked home with Henry Max-

"I have reached one consclusion, Maxwell," said Marsh, speaking slowly. "I have found my cross, and it is a heavy one, but I shall never be satisfied until I take it up and carry it."

Maxwell was silent, and the presi-

dent went on: "Your sermon today made clear to me what I have long been feeling I ought to do. What would Jesus do in my place? I have asked the question repeatedly since I made my promise. I have tried to satisfy myself that he would simply go on, as I have done, attending to the duties of my college, teaching the classes in ethics and philosophy. But I have not been able to avoid the feeling that he would do something more. That something is what I do not want to do. It will cause me genuine suffering to do it. I dread it with all my soul. You may be able to guess what it is."

"Yes; I think I know," Henry Maxwell replied. "It is my cross too. I would almost rather do anything else." Donald Marsh looked surprised, then relieved. Then he spoke sadly, but

with great conviction: "Maxwell, you and I belong to a class of professional men who have always avoided the duties of citizenship. We have lived in a little world of scholarly seclusion, doing work we have enjoyed and shrinking from the disagreeable duties that belong to the life of the citizen. I confess with shame that I have purposely avoided the responsibility that I owe to this city personally. I understand that our city officials are a corrupt, unprincipled set of men, controlled in large part by the whisky element, and thoroughly selfish, so far as the affairs of city government are concerned. Yet all these years I, with nearly every teacher in the college, have been satisfied to let other men run the municipality and have lived in a little world of my own, out of touch and sympathy with the real world of the people. 'What would Jesus do?' I have tried even to avoid an honest answer. I can no longer do so. My plain duty is to take a persenal part in this coming election, go to the primaries, throw the weight of my influence, whatever it is, toward the nomination and election of good men and plunge into the very depths of this entire horrible whirlpool of deceit, bribery, political trickery and saloonism as it exists in Raymond today. I would sooner walk up to the mouth of a cannon any time than do this. I dread it because I hate the touch

of the whole matter. "I would give almost anything to be able to say, 'I do not believe Jesus would do anything of the sort,' but I am more and more persuaded that he would. This is where the suffering comes to me. It would not hurt me half so much to lose my position or my home. I loathe the contact with this municipal problem. I would much prefer to remain quietly in my scholastic life with my classes in ethics and philosophy, but the call has come so plainly that I cannot escape: 'Donald Marsh, follow me. Do your duty as a citizen of Raymond at the point where your citizenship will cost you something. Help to cleanse this great municipal stable. even if you do have to soil your aristocratic feelings a little. ' Maxwell, this is my cross. I must take it up or deny my Lord."

"You have spoken for me also." replied Maxwell, with a sad smile. "Why should I, simply because I am a clergy man, shelter myself behind my refined sensitive feelings and, like a coward. refuse to touch, except in a sermon possibly, the duty of citizenship? I am unused to the ways of the political life of the city I have never taken an active part in any nomination of good men. There are hundreds of ministers like me. As a class we do not practice in the municipal life the duties and privileges we preach from the pulpit. What would Jesus do? I am now at a point where, like you, I am driven to answer the question one way. My duty is plain. I must suffer. All my parish work, all my little trials or self sacrifices, are as nothing to me compared with the breaking into my scholarly, intellectual, self contained habits of this open, coarse, public fight for a clean city life. I could go and live at the Rectangle the rest of my days and work in the slums for a bare living, and I could enjoy it more than the thought of plunging into a fight for the reform of this whisky ridden city. It would cost me less. But. like you. I have been unable to shake off my responsibility. The answer to the question. 'What would Jesus do?' in this case leaves me no peace, except when I say, 'Jesus would have me act the part of a Christian citizen.' Marsh, as you say, we professional men, ministers, professors, artists, literary men, scholars, have almost invariably been political cowards. We have avoided the sacred duties of citizenship either ignorantly or selfishly Certainly Jesus in our age would not do that We can do no less than take up this cross and follow him.

These two men walked on in silence for awhile Finally President Marsh

"We do not need to act alone in this matter. With all the men who have made the promise, we certainly can have companionship and strength even of numbers. Let us organize the Christian forces of Raymond for the battle against rum and corruption. We certainly ought to enter the primaries with a force that will be able to do more than utter a protest. It is a fact that the saloon element is cowardly and easily frightened, in spite of its lawcause it is organized righteousness Jesus would use great wisdom in this matter He would employ means. He would make large plans. Let us do so. If we bear this cross, let us do it brave-

ly, like men. They talked over the matter a long time and met again the next day in serious events that afterward became a Henry Maxwell's study to develop

part of the history or the rirst church | plans. The city primaries were called ! for Friday. Rumors of strange and unhome, all of them were impressed with | heard of events to the average citizen were current in political circles throughout Raymond. The Crawford system of A Cheap and Substantial Way balloting for nominations was not in use in the state, and the primary was called for a public meeting at the court-

> The citizens of Raymond will never forget that meeting. It was so unlike any political meeting ever held in Raymond before that there was no attempt at comparison. The special officers to be mominated were mayor, city council, chief of police, city clerk and city treasurer.

The Evening News in its Saturday edition gave a full account of the primaries, and in an editorial column Edward Norman spoke with a directness and conviction that the Christian people of Raymond were learning to respect deeply because so evidently sincere and unselfish. A part of that editorial is also a part of this history

"It is safe to say that never before in the history of Raymond was there a primary like the one in the courthouse last night. It was, first of all, a complete surprise to the city politicians, who have been in the habit of carrying on the affairs of the city as if they owned them and every one else was simply a tool or a cipher. The overwhelming surprise of the wire puller last night consisted in the fact that a large number of the citizens of Raymond who have heretofore taken no part in the city's affairs entered the prisome of the best men for all the offices to be filled at the coming election.

"It was a tremendous lesson in good citizenship. President Marsh of Lincoln college, who never before entered a city primary and whose face even was not known to many of the ward politicians, made one of the best speeches ever heard in Raymond. It was almost ludicrous to see the faces of the men who for years have done as they pleased when President Marsh rose to speak. Many of them asked, 'Who is he?' The consternation deepened as the primary proceeded and it became evident that the old time ring of city rulers was outnumbered. Henry Maxwell, pastor of the First church: Milton Wright, Alexander Powers, Professors Brown, Willard and Park of Lincoln college, Rev. John West, Dr. George Maine of the Pilgrim church, Dean Ward of the Holy Trinity and scores of well known business and professional men, most of them church members, were present, and it did not take long to see that they had all come with the direct and definite purpose of nominating the best men possible. Most of these men had never been seen in a primary. They were complete strangers to the politicians, but they had evidently profited by the politician's methods organized and united effort to nominate the entire ticket.

"As soon as it became plain that the primary was out of their control the regular ring withdrew in disgust and nominated another ticket. The News simply calls the attention of all decent citizens to the fact that this last ticket contains the names of whisky men, and the line is distinctly and sharply drawn between the machine and corrupt city government, such as we have known for years, and a clean, honest, capable, businesslike city administration, such as every good citizen ought to want. It is not necessary to remind the people of Raymond that the question of local option comes up at the election. That will be the most important question on the ticket. The crisis of our city affairs has been reached. The issue is squarely before us. Shall we continue the rule of rum and boodle and shameless incompetency, or shall we, as President Marsh said in his noble speech, rise as good citizens and begin a new order of things, cleansing our city of the worst enemy known to municipal honesty and doing what lies in our power to do with the ballot-to purify our civic life?

"The News is positively and without reservation on the side of the new movement. We shall henceforth do all in our power to drive out the saloon and destroy its political strength. We shall advocate the election of men nominated by the majority of citizens met in the first primary, and we call upon all Christians, church members and lovers of right, purity, temperance and home to stand by President Marsh and the rest of the citizens who have thus begun a long needed reform in our

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

His Style.

"I have been considering your application for an editorial position," said the managing editor, "and I sent for you today that I might get some idea of your style."

"Just so," replied the bright young man. "Well, you will observe, I am wearing a blue suit, plain, but well cut, thing for this time of the year. Will I

In Cuba. In Cuba the kitchens are always on the roof or in the courtyards back of the house. Only twice a day does the Cuban housewife or servant prepare meals-at 10 o'clock, when she enters the kitchen to make ready 11 o'clock breakfast, and at 6 o'clock to cook the dinner, which is served at 8.

An Unconscious Press Agent. It was a critic who uprose on the first night of the late Charles Reade's drama, "It's Never Too Late to Mend," at the Princess theater, London, in 1865, and vehemently protested against the flogging business in the jail scene as being inhuman and untrue to life. lessness and corruption. Let us plan a However, it was true to life, and the campaign that will mean something be- discussion that ensued tended to crowd the theater for many months.

> Those Loving Girls. Tody-Jennie tells me young Woodby proposed to her last night. Viola-I don't think I know him. Is

> he well off? Tody-He certainly is. She refused him.-Chicago News.

Good Roads.

to Build Them.

Aiken Journal and Review.

All will admit the great importance of this subject, especially in Aiken county, where we have so many hundred miles of poor roads whose worst features are the sand beds If by any means we can kill them, we shall be able to change the above expression to good roads and the main difficulty will be done away The bony carcasses of our horses and mules show only too plainly the terrible strain going on year by year

It is a poor preacher, who after showing the people their sins does not point out a remedy, and this is the object of this short article.

First: We have two of the best elements to build with, sand and clay The latter is easy to reach throughout the County, but we cannot build a house unless we have a good foundation, and the same rule will have to be applied to a road By some strange provision of nature on all sand bed roads will be found below the loose sand a hard and porous bed, forming a substantial foundation to build upon It would take a mary and controlled 'it, nominating scientist to tell us how and why this occurs, nevertheless, it is an important fact.

> Second: The main difficulty is to get rid of or change the loose sand into a hard road bed By actual measure 11 15 the top sand varies from two to four 11 45 inches deep Our plan is a very simple 12 05 and cheap one, by spreading clay on 12 25 the top from one to two mebes thick, according to the depth of the loose sand and mixing it by plowing or barrowing so the sand and clay will be thoroughly mixed together. One and 1st Class. one half inche of clay on a three inch bed thoroughly mixed will make a good first class road after a few rains. Do | 5 30 not put the clay on top without mixing, the success is in the mixing, and you will be surprised to see how little clay it takes to kill a sand bed, and how inexpensive a mile could be changed to a good road

Now a word about the width of roads The Graniteville, Langley and Montmorenci roads should be twelve to fifteen feet, but most of our county roads from six to eight feet and well rounded up to the center.

through the county form a road West. club, appoint a manager, and every farmer voluntarily furnish a team, shovels and picks so far as able, then have a road bed for certain days when all could unite and work together to push the work. November, December and January are the best months of the year Do not wait for our County Commissioners or the chain gang or you will never have a road. We must remember that they have bundreds of miles to look after and besides they are not claying the sand of work.

It can best be done by neighborhood clubs bringing out their teams, men, MEDICINES, etc. It has been published that it would cost \$80 to clay a ten foot road a mile long. The plan suggested will cost little. Not a dollar in money and a mile of sand bed could be killed in a few days. By actual test on several roads it has been found that little clay need be hau'ed, especially on parrow roads. One inch of clay where sand pounded at reasonable prices. is two to two and a half inches deep ; one inch and a half where three inches J. F. W. DeLorme. deep; two mobes where four and a common turn shovel is the best tool to mix it with.

Now is the time to push the work all over the County. Let the new century dawn upon us with many a mile of terrible sand beds killed.

Robert Powell. Chairman of Road and Streets Committee, Aiken Improvement Soc.

The Baptists of South Carolina certainly have not an exalted opinion of our "great moral institution" The report of the committee on temper ance at the State convention gave the dispensary the "scant praise" that it was "an improvement on the Fire Insurance Agency barrooms," but deprecated the fact that the State was applying to education the money made out of "this awful business" But the convention was not disposed to admit that the dispensary was better than the bar room; and therefore it recommitted and a brown soft hat; quite the proper | the report in short order. - The State

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South Carolina and Georgia Extension R R. Company.

Schedule No 3-In effect 12 01 a. m., Sunday, October 1, 1899.

Camden S. C, and Blacksburg, S. C.

West *33	EASTERN TIME. STATIONS	East #32 1st Class.
p. m		8 m.
12 40	Camden	12 10
1 05	Dekalb	11 37
1 17	Westville	11 25
1 45	Kersbaw	11 10
2 05	Heath Springs	10 57
2 10	Pleasant Hill	10 52
2 30	Lanc ster	10 35
2 45	Riverside	10 20
2 55	Springdell	10 10
3 05	Catawba Junction	10 00
3 15	Leslie	9 56
3 35	Rock Hill	9 40
3 40	New Port	9 15
3 50	Tirzab	9 10
4 00	Yorkville	8 55
4 20	Sharon	8 40
4 35	Hickory Grove	8 25
4 50	Smyrna	8 15
5 20	Blacksburg	7 5
p. m.		8 m.

Between

Blacksburg, S. C , and Marion N. C EASTERN TIME East #12 STATIONS 2d Class. Blacksburg 6 40 Earls 6 20

Patterson Springs Shelby Lattimore Mooresboro 4 40 He rietta 4 20 Forest City! 3 50 Rutherfordton 3 25 Millwood 3 05 Golden Valley 2 t.6 Thermal City 2 45 Glen wood Mariou 2 00 p. m. Gaffney Division. East

EASTERN TIME Blacksburg 7 45 5 45 6 20 Cherokee Falls 7 30 6 20 Gaffaey

7 0

6 05

Daily exc pt Sunday. Trains Nos 32 and 33 connect at Blacksburg with trains on the Gaffney Division. Train No 32 connects at Camden with the Charleston Division of the Southern Railway

for all points south. Train No 33 leaving Camden at 12 40 pm. going West, makes connection at Lancaster, S C, with the L & C R R, at Catawba June tion with the ? A L. going north, at Rock Hill with the Southern Ry going north.

Train No 11 connects at Blacksburg with

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